Marion Libis

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For the Myrtle.

Harvest Home.

The Harvest time is come they say ;
I know the leaves are strewn around.
I do not miss the summer grass,
With such a carpet on the ground.

The summer is not really gone,
I feel it warm within my heart.
Oh I am happy when I think,
It's sunshine never will depart !

I'm glad the autumn time is come,
I go a nutting in the wood,
And think though roses bloom no more,
God always leaves us something good.

Oct. 7, 1885. *Eva Wood.*

The Upshot of a Quarrel.

A dish of milk was on the floor,
Puss wanted some, and so did Dash ;
'Twas big enough for many more
To lap out of without a splash ;
But she was rude and he was ruder,
Neither would let the other taste it ;
Each thought the other an intruder,
And did the most to spoil and waste it.

If Dash one moment ventured nigh,
Puss would that moment spit and fly ;
If puss the dish next moment sought,
Dash the next minute raged and fought.
At length, with sorrow be it spoken,
Between them both the dish was broken.

Brothers and sisters, all take warning,
The lesson must not meet your scorning ;
Never let selfish trifles lead
To loud dispute and spiteful deed ;
Yield to each other, and be sure
Your happiness is more secure. —*Sel.*

We are sowing, we are sowing—
Thoughts are seeds cast in a field ;
Every act that we are doing,
Every word its fruit shall yield.

Alabaster's Mishap.

Alabaster was a little girl, eight years old. Her father's name was Thomas Baster ; and when his little daughter was born, he thought it would be very funny to name her Alla. So she was called Alabaster.

I think, myself, it is wrong for parents to give odd and grotesque names to their children, for it is very mortifying when the little folks grow old enough to notice that people are laughing at the odd sound.

But Alabaster did not mind it at all, and her black eyes snapped as cheerfully, and her round little mouth smiled as merrily as if her name had been Kate—which would have been much more appropriate.

Alabaster had a brother Johnny, whose name surely could not be laughed at for its oddity ; and Mrs. Baster had taken both her children to Luzerne for the summer. Luzerne is a beautiful little summer resort, just in the southern edge of the Adirondacks, and the very prettiest hotel in the place is one that is perched on high land sloping back to the mountains, and overlooking lovely Lake Luzerne.

The name of the hotel is the "Wayside," named for one which a famous poet once wrote about. Do you know who it was ?

The Baster family had good times at the Wayside, and the children went berrying and rowing and mountain climbing, and ran wild, and grew brown and healthy. One morning Johnny and Alabaster thought they would go up to the second lake for water-lilies. Luzerne lake is the first of a chain of four that runs up into the mountain region, and the second and fourth lakes are famous places for lilies.

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Mrs. Baster was quite willing to let the children go, for they were accustomed to rowing, and handled their oars very carefully, never jumping about carelessly in the boat to cause its overturning.

The walk to the second lake was nearly two miles, but the children did not mind that at all, and trudged gaily away. It was a beautiful walk. They passed a grove of great pines, their tops so even that Johnny thought "some giant had trimmed them with his big shears," and the ground underneath all brown and soft with fallen pine needles. Here and there a mossy log lay in the gray gloom; and sometimes a stray sunbeam, slanting down the great dark tree trunks, touched the scarlet gleam of bunch-berries shining up from their bright green leaves.

But it was very, very still in this great pine grove; almost like the church when the pastor says the benediction. The children did not linger there long, for Alabaster said,

"Seems as if we were wicked to play in there."

Near the shore of the second lake stood a real log cabin. The children had never seen the inside of it, but they had an opportunity this morning before their trip ended.

The man who lived there had given them permission to use his boat whenever they liked; I suppose he thought they could not harm it much, for it was old and dirty, and leaked a little. But the children liked it just as well. They found it this morning, drawn up into the sword grass and among the dripping wild-rose bushes that bordered the lake. It had rained in the night, and the bottom of the boat was covered with water, with some soaked lily-buds washing about in it.

But Johnny took a rusty fruit-can from the bushes, and soon had the boat bailed out, and the children pushed off from shore. Such a time as they had!

Though it was called a lake, the water was only a very shallow, miry pond, almost covered with lily-pads and pickerel-weed. If you have ever rowed in shallow water, among lily-pads, you can imagine how Johnny's arms ached as he guided the boat around from one lily to another, while Alabaster, perched away out on the bow of the boat, reached over and pulled them in.

Alabaster seemed to be made of elastic.

How she did stretch out and clutch those lilies! one would have thought she held on by her toes. But such a fragrant heap of lilies slowly piled themselves up in the bottom of the boat. It was fascinating work.

"We'll give some to every single boarder at the Wayside," said Alabaster, gleefully.

"And then we'll have to leave hundreds," said Johnny, regretfully. "Oh, just look at those beauties over there. Can't we get them, don't you believe?"

But the water was very shallow, and in spite of Johnny's poling, the boat stopped short, and refused to go any further.

"Mean old thing!" said Alabaster, vindictively. "If it would go just about four feet more, I could get them. Oh, I'll tell you, Johnny, I'll get out and wade after them!"

No sooner said than done. Alabaster's trim little shoes and stockings were off in a twinkling, and she was over the side of the boat.

"Oh, this is lovely," said Alabaster. "So nice and so—oft! Oh, Johnny, I'm sinking!"

"How can you sink in six inches of water?" asked Johnny, jumping up.

"But I keep going down—it's mud, I guess. Oh, Johnny, I can't step out, honest truly!"

What a lesson those children learned that morning—one they will never forget; and that is, not to step overboard into a miry pond. When Johnny got his sister into the boat at last, she was the muddiest child ever seen in this world, I believe. And there was nothing for it but to take her up to the log cabin, and see if the woman who lived there would lend her some of her own little girl's clothing. That was the way they got their coveted peep at the cabin kitchen. It was a cunning little kitchen, too, and by the fire the little girl sat, with her foot tied up.

"What is the matter with your little girl?" asked Alabaster, as the woman was getting her out of her wet clothes into the little girl's dry ones.

"She's cut her foot," said her mother. "And she feels bad about it, too, for she was dependin' on going down to the hotels with her lilies, but she can't to-day. You've got a handy lot, I see."

"Are you the little girl that comes down every morning?" asked Johnny.

But before she could answer, Alabaster had drawn her brother aside, and was eagerly whispering something to him. Shall I tell you what it was?

The bright idea had come into Alabaster's head that she would go down to the village her-

self, in the little girl's clothes, and sell her lilies for her. No one would know her, she was sure, and people would be just as willing to buy lilies of her as of any other little girl.

"Perhaps the woman won't be willing," whispered Johnny.

"Ask her," whispered back Alabaster.

"Excuse us for whispering," then said Johnny to the little girl's mother. "My sister wants to know if you are willing for her to take our lilies down to Luzerne, and sell them for your little girl?"

"Land sake, yes, I'm willin' enough," said the mother; and the little girl by the fire clasped her hands for joy.

"In two days more I will have enough," she said, gleefully.

Alabaster wondered what the little girl was saving money for, but it would not have been polite to ask.

Then the children set to work making up bunches of lilies, to be sold at five cents apiece, and soon a very funny-looking little Alabaster set off down the road, with a big pink sun-bonnet on, and a short calico dress with yellow polka dots all over it and her big basket of lilies on her arm.

You will be glad to know that she sold every one before she went back, and that not a single boarder recognized the fun-loving Alabaster under the big sun-bonnet. This was so much the more fun. Alabaster thought she would go up to her mother's room, and surprise her. So she stole softly up the stairs, and knocking at the door, looked in and said, "Any lilies to-day, ma'am?"

Alabaster's mother sat by the window writing. She thought it was an odd thing for the little lily-seller to come up to her room in that way, but she merely glanced up, and then said as she continued writing, "Not to day. My children will bring some home."

Then Alabaster laughed aloud, and her mother recognized her own little daughter. How surprised she was! Alabaster told her all about it, and then wished to hurry back with the little girl's money.

"Tell her mother we thank her very much for her kindness," said Mrs. Baster—"and promise me, my dear, never to do so careless a thing again."

"I never, never will, mamma," said Alabaster, as she kissed her good-by.

When she reached the cabin again, she found her own clothing nicely dried, and ready to put on, and in a few minutes she and Johnny were ready to start homeward.

"They sold 'eleven bunches, ma," they heard the little girl say when they had bidden good by, and were unfastening the gate. "That makes ten cents over. Ain't it nice?"

"I wish I knew what she is going to do with the money," said Johnny to Alabaster. "Don't you?"

"Yes," said Alabaster, "and I mean to find out some day, too."

But she never did.—*Little Star.*

In the "Life of Lord Lawrence," the celebrated governor of India, there is a very interesting incident recorded. He was galloping home late one night, as his custom was, across country, when his Arab horse came to a dead stand, nearly shooting his rider over his head. Lawrence tried to spur him on, but Chanda refused to move, and only after backing a good way, and then taking a considerable circuit, consented to continue in the former direction. The night was very dark, and Lawrence, who had never known his horse to do the like before, was a good deal puzzled. The next day he managed to make his way back to the place, when he found, to his horror, that he had ridden at full gallop up to a large open under-ground tank or cistern, such as are not common in that thirsty country, some thirty feet deep. One step more would have been the death of both horse and rider. And often afterward, in looking over the points of a horse, he would draw attention to the full, round, prominent eye, able to take in rays of light invisible to man, which had caught sight of the yawning chasm immediately below him in that dark night. "It was an eye like that," he said, one day, as he was examining a fine horse's head in Mr. Woolner's studio, "which saved my life."

It was the intelligence of the horse which saved the master's life. Lord Lawrence doubtless felt a warm affection for the dumb brute which had rendered him so great a service.

Little children should not wait till they grow up before helping their parents. God gave two nimble feet to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs to bring and carry for her.

For the Myrtle.

The Poor are His Also.

GOD'S hand rich in blessing
Remembers His own,
And cares for His children
In hut, or on throne.

He knows all his offspring
Wherever they be,
In country or city,
By wildwood or sea.

E. M. B.

No Stool for the Devil.

A friend once asked Lizzie Laird, a poor, bedridden Scotch woman,—

"Lizzie, do you ever grumble?"

"Oh," said Lizzie, "at first I thought myself gey sair bedstead, and ill thoughts wad come; but when the devil seeks to come into oor hearts, we dinna need to gie him a stool to sit doon on."

It makes a great difference with visitors how they are treated. If we welcome them, take them in, give them a stool, and bid them make themselves at home, they are very likely to stay; but if you give them no welcome and no stool, their visit will be very short.

The spirit of murmuring, fault finding, and complaining should find little hospitality in any Christian's heart. It is far better to challenge such guests as intruders than it is to welcome them as friends. If we look our troubles and trials in the face, and bring all our sorrows and temptations to the Lord, we shall not only find help and comfort in the time of need, but those doubts which encompass us will soon vanish and give place to holy confidence.—*Sel.*

What a Band of Mercy Member Did.

Two full-grown robins were seen recently near Monticello, one of which appeared to be helpless and the other protecting and consoling it. The well bird frequently went on expeditions to the back yards of the neighborhood, and brought choice morsels of food to his sick companion. The latter was caught by a boy and found to be totally blind.

THE greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

Birthday Joys.

HOW much happiness may be given by little deeds. Grandma Coburn has just passed her seventieth birthday.

Grandma has some delightful little grandchildren.

They do not belong to rich families, but they have *very* kindly hearts.

When the birthday was approaching they held a council, and planned their campaign for the day.

Wild flowers could be had in abundance, and they, wandering over the hills, selected the very best and brightest that they could find.

These they made into pretty bouquets, and clusters, and a wreath, which they were careful to get large enough to slip easily over Grandma's cap without crushing the ruffles.

When they had all these preparations made, they came up to the piazza where grandma was sitting, and each one performed their own important part in the ceremony.

Eva made a little speech, at the end of which, she threw her arms about grandma's neck, and

drawing her down to give her a kiss on her cheek, brought her head where Nellie could reach it, and place thereon the beautiful wreath they had prepared.

Just at this point, Eddie took off his hat, and swinging it in the air, he gave three hearty cheers.

Oh how proud grandma felt at this moment. A queen with a diadem set with jewels may not have a happier heart than was hers at this time.

The best riches, is not gold or silver, but pure love from the hearts most precious to us. And the best gifts that can ever be offered, are the simple gifts prompted by true affection.

E. M. B.

Good Creature.

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her blue eyes full of tears, said to him: "O Philip! don't do that; it is God's kitten."

That word of the little girl was not lost. It was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten; but he could not help thinking what his sister said. "God's kitten, God's creature—for he made it," he said to himself, "I never thought of that before."

The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, unmercifully beating a poor, half-starved dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it, was using his sisters words, saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; its God's creature."—*Christian Harvester.*

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Brown?" "Yes, you are right." "Made the money out of whiskey, I suppose?" "No." "Why you are a liquor-dealer; are you not?" "Oh, yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put into the whiskey. Every cent was made out of water, sir."

Valuable Presents.

Some one says, speaking of New-Year's presents, "The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness, to your opponent tolerance, to a friend your heart, to your children a good example, to your father deference, to your mother love, to yourself respect, to all men charity, to God obedience."—*Sel.*

An Engineer's Story.

Presence of mind and rapidity of thought in time of danger have saved thousands of lives. Here is an incident related by an engineer that well illustrates that truth:

"Several years ago I was running a fast express one night. We were three hours behind time; and if there's anything in the world I hate it's to finish a run behind schedule. These grade crossings of one-horse roads are nuisances to the trunk lines, and we had a habit of failing to stop, merely slacking up for 'em. At this crossing I had never seen a train at this time of the night, and so I rounded the curve out of the cut at full tilt. I was astonished to see the target set against me, though I had time enough to stop. But it was a down grade there, and the track was very slippery, and to add to the danger my air-brake didn't work right. I whistled sharply to have the target set clear for me, but on looking I saw that a freight train was standing right over the crossing, evidently intending to put a few cars on our switch.

"I wish I could tell you what my thoughts were at this time. I gave the danger whistle, but I had seven heavy sleepers on and we just slid down that grade spite of everything I could do.

"Now comes the surprising part of my story. Quicker than I can tell you, the brakeman on that freight train uncoupled a car just back of our crossing and signaled his engineer to go ahead, which he did sharply, but barely in time to let us through. In fact, the pilot of my engine took the buffer off that rear car. Through that little hole we slipped, and lives and property were saved.

"Now, that brakeman was only a common railroader, yet he saw that situation at a glance. There wasn't time to run his whole train off the crossing, nor even half of it—barely time to pull one car-length by prompt, quick work. He kept his wits about him as I venture to say not one in a thousand would have done, and saved my reputation, if not my life. He is now a division superintendent on one of the best roads in this country; and may good luck go with him!"

It would be strange if glass should supersede copper for sheathing ships; but the hull of an Italian ship has been covered with glass plates cast like iron, which it is claimed will not rust or crust over.

Sermon.

Moreover it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful.—1 *Cor.* iv. 2.

"Our minister preached a sermon to-day on faithfulness which I shall not soon forget," said Andrew.

"That is a sermon very much needed by old and young," Lucy replied.

"It is indeed. It is so easy to do good for a little, and then get tired of well doing, as our minister said "to run well for a season" and then turn to the evil ways, and forsake that which is good."

"Don't you think Andrew that a great deal of the trouble comes from people thinking that they can easily get back again into the right paths even if they do go wrong for a little time?"

"Yes I do Lucy. I don't believe that many young people realize how slippery the paths of sin are. They never reflect that it is a very steep and rapid incline to the pits of darkness, and that when they are once launched upon it, they will go downward with a fearful rapidity."

"I heard a boy say just the other day that he had no intention of forming the habit of spending his evenings in that liquor saloon that has been opened in the next street, but he didn't think it would hurt him to go in there, once in a while, for an hour or two when other boys of his own age were going."

"That is just one of the cases that our minister called our attention to to-day. He said that nearly all young people underestimate the influence of the small acts of their lives. They feel quite sure that they can stop, whenever they please to stop, any evil practice that they may have begun, and they go on feeling thus sure, until the occasional indulgence becomes a fixed habit, and they are ruined for life.

A faithful steward is one who is perpetually watchful over himself, that he may not fall into temptation but may be delivered from evil."

"I believe that," said Lucy, "we are none of us sufficiently watchful."

"Our minister gave some very interesting examples," Andrew continued "to make us remember how much harm may come of small wrongs. He said:

It is well to remember that there are no little sins. Every sin is in its principle a great wrong against God and against ourselves; and often what seems to be but a small sin leads to most disastrous results. A spark of fire is a very small thing, but put it into a keg of powder, and the explosion is terrific and the damage great.

A pin is a small thing, yet an overseer in a calico mill in England found a pin which cost his company nearly £100. Rather an expensive pin. And you will doubtless ask, "How could so small and insignificant a thing as a brass pin cost so much?" Simply because of the mischief it did. Calicoes, after they are printed and washed and dried, are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. By some mischance a pin dropped, so as to lie upon the principle roller, and, indeed, became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface. Over and over went the roller, and round went the calico, winding upon another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another began to be dried and wound, and so on, till a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside.

When at length they came to be examinhd, it was found there were holes in every piece, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at ninepence a yard that would count up to about £180. Of course, the goods could not be sold now as perfect, but only as remnants, at about half the price they would have brought, had it not been for that single pin!

So it is with the power of an evil habit. That pin damaged forty hundred yards of new print. How little we reckon the truth of that text, "One sinner destroyeth much good!" Though it may not be found out at first, "be sure your sin will find you out."

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

By the Thirty-Fourth Annual Report of the Universalist Sabbath School Union we learn that in the 19 schools connected therewith viz Columbus Ave., Shawmut Ave. Roxbury, East Boston, South Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, Cambridgeport, East Cambridge, North Cambridge, Somerville, Brighton, Jamaica Plain, Dorchester, Grove Hall, Murry Chapel, Winter Hill, College Hill, West Somerville, the whole number of officers, teachers and scholars belonging to the several schools the last Sunday in April, 1885, was 3776.

Grove Hall shows the best per cent. of attendance of officers and teachers, being 88. Brighton the smallest, being 67 per cent.

Winter Hill shows the best per cent. of attendance of scholars, being 90. East Boston the smallest, being 49.

Winter Hill shows the best per cent. of attendance of officers, teachers and scholars, taken together, being 83; Cambridgeport the lowest, being 61.

In sixteen schools there are 673 scholars in the infant class.

Four schools are without libraries.

Fifteen schools have an aggregate of 12,843 vols.

The current expenses for eighteen schools the past year have been $3893 68.

Eleven schools have contributad $873.13 to the Parish.

Of 503 officers and teachers in 19 schools 255 were formerly scholars in the same school.

Of 503 officers and teachers in the several schools 245 are reported as belonging to the church.

Columbus Avenue shows the largest percentage of officers and teachers who are church-members.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

167.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
1, 2, 3 is worn on the head.
My 4, 5, 6 is a color.
My 7, 8, 9, 10 is to move.
My 14, 12, 11, 22 is in this place.
My 16, 15, 13 is to place.
My 21, 20, 19, 22 is needed in Winter.
My 16, 2, 17, 18 is what has gone by.
My 15, 16 is the opposite of down.
My whole is in the Bible. *Beth.*

168.—ANAGRAM.

Nderlihc yboe uyro naretsp. *Lillie B. Mattice.*

169.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

A—m—l—s—o—m—y—a—e—g—o—t—a—e.

Emma Cushing.

170.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel. A bad drink. Through any space lengthwise. The terminus. A consonant.

Nellie Burt.

171.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a point.
My 4, 7, 7, 13 is part of the foot.
My 6, 7, 9, 17 is to warm.
My 10, 9, 22, 18 is to cleanse with water.
My 12, 9, 5 is not lean.
My 8, 9, 20, 11 is a bird of prey.
My 12, 13, 14 is to move with wings.
My 17, 18, 19 is a pronoun.
My 15, 2, 16 is a child.
My 23, 24, 25, 7 is built on top of a house.
My 20, 21, 22, 7 is not foolish.
My whole is in the book of Job. *Harry.*

172.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

B—t—l—h—m—a—C—r—s—s—i—t—p—a—e.

Charles W. Pearl.

LORD DUNDREARY'S FINGER PUZZLE TO COUNT ELEVEN FINGERS ON THE TWO HANDS.

Begin on one hand, and count the ten fingers throughout. Begin next time at the finger last counted in the first round, counting this time backwards—ten, nine, eight, seven, six—then holding up the other hand, say "And five are eleven."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan?

Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

161.—ENIGMA.

It is a fraud, to conceal a fraud.

162.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

Moses was found in the rushes.

163.—ENIGMA.

One thing at a time.

164.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

B
S E E
B E A S T
A S K
T

165.—ANAGRAM.

God will never forsake you.

166.—ENIGMA.

The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Cora M. Howe, 3; Mary Goddard Longly, 4: Carrie M. Burt, 4; Clara Churchill, 3; Nellie Tompkins, 3.

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